Dagon

No.4

DAGON only 55p

For FRP's of 'Call of Cthulhu'

Dr. David Lynse
Goodly Manor,
Kingsport Head,
Nr. Innsmouth

Dear _____ .

My research has shown that you, like me, possess an interest concerning the subject of the occult. I am holding a meeting and discussion at my Club, where any occult experience or stories you have, will be much appreciated for possible inclusion in my forthcoming book on occult practises. I will pay you handsomely for any of your stories that I publish.

Please find enclosed a first class rail ticket to 'Kingsport Head', dated for the 18th December. The meeting will start the following day and last for four days. Accomodation and food will be supplied.

I look forward to our meeting.

Yours Sincerely
David Lynse

PLAYER HANDOUT

EDITORIAL

Welcome my ghoulish gatherers, to another gut-wrenching edition of 'Dagon' fanzine. I hope that you enjoyed the adventure - 'No Room at Innsmouth'. This issue see's the beginning of a new scenario entitled 'Brimstone at the Club of the Black Arts'. I think you'll find the game quite terrifying, and hope that you don't end up like my characters did, INSANE.

Talking of insanity, I would like to point out that the illustrations depicted in 'Dagon' are not the product of a warped mind, my artists tell me that they are drawn from real life, HE HE HE. And I believe them.

This issue is published shortly after GAMESDAY 84, and I went there on Saturday to push upon unweary gamers, my zine, I sold a few myself and also placed about fifty copies of various issues at the fanzine stand, sales were good and my thanks go to all those on the zine stand that recommended the buying of 'Dagon' (all that is except the idiot who kept placing other zines over the top of my pile).

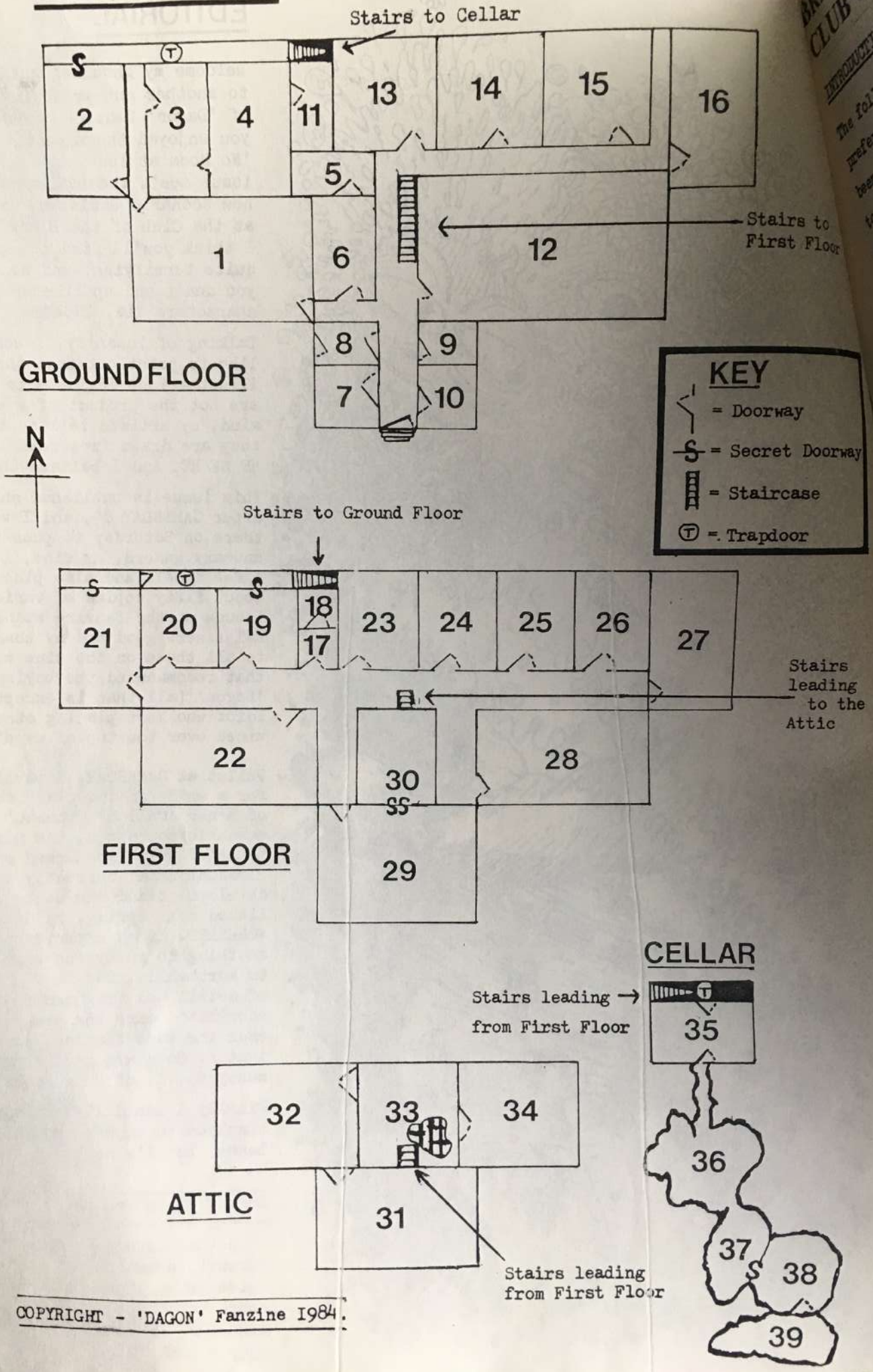
Whilst at GAMESDAY, I partieipated for a while in the play testing of a new 'Call of Cthulhu' scenario/soucepack, the working title of which is 'Green and Pleasant Land' currently under development and due to be published next Spring, by GAMES WORKSHOP. If my experience was anything to go by the wait will be worthwhile, for it was full of detail and frightening menace enough to scare the pants off even the most fearless investigator. So start saving your money up, C. of C. players!!!

Finally I would like to say thankyou to anyone who buys this issue, but I'm not going to.

Insult of the month - October 84.

" To the loathsome, cantankerous, corrupt, abominable, irrational detestable, tentacled, warped, black hatted individual at GAMESDAY, who said my zine was crap - LOSE IDI00 x I00 San" £

GOODLY MANOR



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BRIMSTONE AT THE CLUB OF THE BLACK ARTS

INTRODUCTION:

The following scenario has been designed for 2-4 investigators, whose players have preferably had some experience with C. of C. before. The following adventure has been written by Mark Buckley and I have added a few changes and descriptions to it to make it even eerier. If you are refereeing the game (The Keeper), feel free to alter or add anything to the scenario that you think would help make the experience of the investigators even creepier. Above all make the game exciting add atmosphere, and thrills make the game a pleasure to be participating in. I personally have played the game and as an investigator found the scenario quite terrifying. This scenario has been written in mind for the mid 1920's but of couse here again Keepers are free to alter this state of affairs. If you are to be playing the game as an investigator STOP READING HERE.

KEEPERS INFORMATION:

Dr. David Lynse, a writer and practiser of occult lore is desperate for students to assist him in his evil work. Lynse holds three of the accursed 'Globes of Summoning' which together with the fourth, when placed in a circle and with appropriate procedures enable the user to summon from the dead or outer zones any creature, who when awakened is free to roam the earth again. Lynse's objective is to summon his God, Hastur - He who must not be named. But for this he needs the fourth globe, and also aid from others if he is to be successful. Past students have either thought Lynse insane and left his teachings or have ended up mad themselves a few have even met ghastly deaths as Lynse will stop at nothing to achieve his goal. One of these students - Kevin Ernlan is currently undergoing extensive Psychiatic treatment at the Greenwood Asylum for the deranged, and he has in his possession the fourth globe. (Please Note that the Investigators task IS NOT to try and get the fourth globe but to destroy one or all of the other three, thus completely rendering Lynse's plans helpless unless of course they decide to join Lynse. For this reason Keepers are advised to try and keep play centred around Lynses home - Goodly Manor.

Lynse has sent invitations to the investigators by form of letter which they will recieve inside their weekly mail. If the investigators are characters with no occult interest then they will be visited by a strange man who will enlist their aid ask for their services and tell them the following - "I have reason to believe that several of my friends have dissapeared recently and have been killed. They announced to me that they were currently under going teaching from a certain Dr. David Lynse, writer and tutor of many subjects, his address I have discovered is Goodly Manor, Kingsport Head just off of Innsmouth. I will pay you the sum of one hundred dollars each for the recovery of my friends or information leading to their fates.

KEEPERS INFORMATION (Continued)

The man will give his name as Prof. Daniel Harvey, the address at which he may be contacted is 7 Saltonstall Street, Arkham.

Lynse meanwhile has also invited along two other people to his meetings, - Tracy Patrice, and Stanley Roberts, Roberts is in fact a Government Agent posing as a reporter for an occult magazine. Tracy is an actual reporter for the 'Arkham Herald', and is on the story of occult practicers.

KEEPERS INFORMATION - STRANGE EVENTS

Upon the arrival of the investigators, Lynse has planned a series of Spooky events to test the investigators constitution, and seeing if they are in fact worthy of joining his Black Circle.

Percentile Dice Roll -

(These strange events will occur every ID20 mins of the investigators time at the creepy house of David Lynse)

01-07	The Piano in the music room will begin playing
08-14	Strange footsteps will be heard from outside the door
15-20	Errie tapping upon the windows
21-25	Objects start to move around
26-45	Sobbing from upstairs will be heard
46-70	The smell of Brimstone will drift around the house
71-80	The lights will all go out for a period of three minutes
81-85	Mysterious howlings can be heard from outside
86-90	Blood stains will start to appear on the walls
91-100	Doors bang open or shut (depending on what state they were originally in).

KEEPERS INFORMATION 2 - DR. DAVID LYNSE

History: Lynse was born in Oxford, England in 1878, taught at Eton and went on to further Education at Oxford University. He took up teaching in 1907 and taught Latin, Archeology, History and the Occult, at Oxford. He was expelled from the University four years later for his evil practices. He began visiting various archeoligical sites and 'digs' where he began to obtain rare and ancient artifacts for his private collection. After a short while friends began to notice a change in Lynse, he became sly, arrogant, greedy and decietful as well as having sadistic tendancies towards his fellow men. He moved to

PLAYERS INFORMATION (continued)

THE TOWN OF KINGSPORT - LOCAL GOSSIP: Conversation with people living in the town of Kingsport will result in the following information being learnt by gossipers. "Lynse holds Black Magic rituals at his manor house, and at night strange beasts prowl the grounds of his evil home". "Goodly Manor used to be the centre of some evil practices by warlocks, withches and monsterous entities summoned from beyond". "There have been dissapearances from this town of youths, I say Lynse is to blame along with those evil creatures that have been seen prowling in the gardens of Goodly Manor at midnight".

GOODLY MANOR:

THE ARRIVAL The characters may arrive at what time they please, as the characters arrive they will see a strange man (Dibley) digging a hole in the garden near an old Oak, into the grave he will toss a dody of a dead dog. (A sacrificed Bloodhound, killed by Lynse). If questioned of the incident Dibley will say that it was his masters pet and had died of old age during the night before. Dibley once told the characters names will invite them in to the house. He will invite them into the Sitting Room (Room no. I).

Dibley will announce that his master David Lynse is not too well at the moment and apologises for his absence saying"I will show you to your rooms". - Dibley is lying Once the players have entered - they will be introduced to Tracy Patrice and Stanley Roberts, who are sitting in room no. I.

ALEX DIBLEY: Butler, Str. 8, Con 9, Siz I0, Int. 7, Pow. 9, Dex I0, Cha. 8, Edu. I0, San 25 Con Pts. 8. Pow Pts 9. Age 62. Dibley is loyal to Lynse and will defend his master to the end.	TRACY PATRICE: Reporter, Str. 7, Con. 8, Siz. 8, Int. I4, Pow. I0, Dex. II, Cha. I3, Edu. I4, San 45. Skills: Debate 40%, Occult 35%, Psychology 30%, Oratory 30%, R/W Eng 94%, Law 60% Fast Talk 64%. RW Latin I0% Age 23. Her Con & Pow Pts are 8 each.	STANLEY ROBERTS: Gov. Agent (poses as reporter) Str. I5, Con. II, Siz. I5, Int. I3, Pow I4, Dex. I2, Cha. II, Edu I5, San 50, Con Pts II Pow. Pts I3, Skills!.45 Rev fired at 45%, Law 55%, Fast Talk 44%, Occult I0%, Pick Locks 3I%. Age 42.

GROUND FLOOR:

I. The sitting room. This is the room that the investigators will be first shown. Dibley will then show the characters to their rooms. The room consists of five armchairs, a setee, two tables, a drinks cabinet (with bottles of wine, liqours, glasses etc.), three table chairs and a cabinet upon which stands an oil lamp, (there is nothing of interest in the cabinet - only magazines etc.). Once all the investigators have been aquainted, Dibley will show them to their rooms. Tracy will be taken to room I9, Stanley room 2I, and the investigators to rooms 23, 24, 25, & 26.

2. This room contains two chairs (east and west walls), a bed (east), a bookcase (south), and a fireplace (west), over the top of the fireplace is a large painting of horrendous appearance, it is of a monsterous entity of a bloated corpse with scales and tentacled limbs (the painting is signed by the initials D. L. (Lynse) and is in fact of a creature who was being possessed by the spirit of Hastur. A san roll must be made and failure will result in ID3 san loss to the investigator looking at this painting. The painting is framed with wood, trimmed in a strange kind of alien fur, (investigators succeeding in their Mythos rolls will recognise the fur as belonging to a Byakhee). The bookcase contains cheap detective books but amongst them close inspection will reveal a copy of 'The Legions of Evil' by Lynse

DR. DAVID LYNSE (continued).

America buying a mansion house at Kingsport Head, which he named Goodly Manor. At about this time strange dissapearances of local townspeople began to pop up in the local press reports, naming Lynse but with not enough concrete evidence to pursue police investigation. In fact Lynse held Black Magic rituals with local folk, and talk began amongst town authorities of Lynse having a 'Club of the Black Arts' sited at 'Goodly Manor'. Lynse through reasons not known always managed to get off the hook - as it were, at returned to his manor where evil things and insane gatherings of occult character were inlisted by Lynse and his congregation of followers. However one by one the acolytes began to dissapear until the few that remained decided that something was afoot and left Lynse never to return to Goodly Manor.

In between holding these Cthulhoid Black Masses, Lynse wrote and published several books on the Occult. They were 'The Old Ones' (1917), 'My Experiences with the Dark Life' (1918) and 'The Legions of Evil' (1920). Now Lynse requires the services of new followers - 'The Lords of the Earth' as they will be called by Lynse.

PLAYERS INFORMATION: The following information is available for the investigators if they look in the right places.

MISKATONIC LIBRARY, ARKHAM: Has the following info. (Roll a successful Library Use). Lynse is the author of three books 'The Old Ones', 'My Experiences with the Dark Life' and 'The Legions of Evil' - they are also in stock in the occult section of the Library. Both 'The Old Ones' and 'My Experiences' if read increase the investigators Occult Skill by 10% for each book. 'The Legions of Evil' gives an occult skill addition of +15% and a + to 'Cthulhu Mythos' of 2% a San loss of 1D3 points will be gained if read and an un-successful San Roll is made.

POLICE STATION, KINGSPORT HEAD: (Roll of Fast Talk or Law must be successful for the following info. to be learnt by investigators). - Lynse was arrested on the night of Nov. 3rd 1920 for suspicion of kidnapping. He was calm about the incident, and was taken in for questioning by Det. Con. Edmund Sinclair - Sinclair for reasons unknown beat up Lynse and so Lynse was released and charges dropped. The Det. Con. was fired from the police force as a result. The address of Sinclair may be learnt if a successful Fast Talk is rolled. It is 15 Berry Drive, Kingsport.

THE HOME OF EDMUND SINCLAIR: Roll a successful Fast Talk for the following info if to be learnt by investigators. - Edmund is now a very nervous person, his hands constantly shake and he breaks down and cries when questioned about the night when he interrogated Lynse. He will tell the investigators the same that he told the police.

"I sat him down in the chair, and I knew the man was kinda strange, you know. I began to ask him questions and all he said was "I don't know" all of a sudden I saw this guy staring right through me, his eyes blazed red and I felt sick this Lynse fellow kept watching me and suddenly thousands of bugs started to come from his arms, his limbs started to dissolve as these creatures poured out, I screamed aloud. Then Lynse changed form, his face took on the guise of a thing not of this earth, my god. Lynse had tentacles fangs, wings and dark, black eyes that opened up showing my face, staring in and screaming. I got up and hit this monster, again and again, I heard the door open behind me and there were my colleagues, watching. I thought thank the Lord they have come, but when I returned to Lynse the man was back in his human form, bleeding and bruised from my punches I was grabbed by the police and consequently kicked out the force".

GROUND FLOOR (continued)

2. (cont). Also in the bookcase is a secret compartment with a diary containing notes written in a strange script (shorthand type of style), this style will be un-readable by investigators unless they take it to a handwriting specialist. There are however a few sentances dated on the I8th December written in Capitals which are legible; they are 'Today I discovered the whereabouts of the fourth Globe, Ernlan has it at the Greenwood Asylum, I will get it and then together with the other three will be able to summon up my master - to afford a haven for Him that must not be named. Nothing must happen to the other three in my possession for if they are destroyed or just one of them obliterated then my aims will be un-reachable for eternal life'.

3. This is the Dining Room there are several chairs a large table set for the number of guests plus two other. The room is well kept is dimly lit by candles on the table and seems quite cosy and inviting.

4. This room is the servants eating quarters and is not as well cleaned as other rooms in the house. There is a table with two chairs and a series of kitchen cupboards, (contain provisions for household etc). There is also a sink situated in the north wall and a fridge with milk, meat etc in the east wall.

5. Lavatory, in here is the toilet, a sink, towell rack etc. just what you would expect to find in here.

6. The Bathroom, contains dirty bath, (Slugs can be seen around the drain), there are a couple of cobwebs shaving cabinet etc. Not very nice in here! - Cold water only.

7. Gentlemens changing room for outside swimming pool. This room is very dirty, not having been swept for some time. The electricity supply is dead in here. This room looks as though it hasn't been used for a long time. (Was once the room in which people changed for swimming in the old pool in the garden. Now the pool has been covered over by dirt and gravel etc and is overgrown by weeds. Noone swims at Goodly Manor now.).

8. Gardening shed, contains tools, pots, wooden boxes, two sheets of glass etc. Evidently not having been used for some time.

9. Coatroom, contains several hooks on walls, holding coats (4) and two hats (in one coat is a name tag reading David Lynse).

I0. Ladies changing room, same as room no. 7.

II. Wash room for the servants, contains bath, sink etc. no carpet, damp, spiders webs etc.

I2. The Music Room, Contains a Grand Piano, Harp, Stage, Music stands, Various musical instruments etc. A quite well kept room.

I3. Spare room, piled with old boxes, junk etc. Old broken furniture et all.

I4. Servants Resting Quarters, this room stinks, mess strewn around the floors, old newspapers litter the sofa, which is full of holes (and overan by bugs). Old rotten chairs lie in the est wall and grubby carpet lies on the floor.

I5. Dibley's Bedroom, in here lies an old bed, cupboards, wardrobe, bedside table with oil lamp etc. If the time is after ten at night Dibley will be in the bed asleep, but easily awaken if prowlers look around room. Dibley will if awakened ask the players what the hell they think they are doing at this time of night. There are old books in one of the cupboards but nothing of use to the investigation lies within here.

I6. Empty Room, this room appears as if it has been cleaned very recently and cleaning liquid can be smelt distinctly. There is a dustpan and brush in the corner of the east wall (close inspection will reveal the hairs of some animal in the bristles of the brush. The successful rolling of a Zoology skill will tell the investigator that the hairs come from a dog (the sacrificed bloodhound). Close inspection on the dustpan will show small traces of blood.

The Secret Passageway: The secret door located at the north wall in room 2, leads along a dimly lit passage, (light source supplied by two oil lamps haning in ceiling). The end of the passageway is greeted by a stairway running up to the first floor and down to the cellar, the stairways are dark and torches or oil lamps must be used if the investigators wish to go up or down the steps.

FIRST FLOOR This floor is reached via the stairway from ground floor.

I7. First Floor Lavatory, quite well kept, comprises of lavatory, sink, towells, a

I8. Bathroom, Well kept bathroom with bath, sink, shaving cabinet, towell rack etc.

I9.- 26. Inclusive. Bedrooms for the guests, these rooms consist of single beds, bedside reading lamp, desk, wardrobes, clothes cupboards (all empty), dressing table and armchair. (In rooms I9 and 2I, there is a secret doorway, in the north walls which lead along a passageway to a stairway leading down to the first floor - it is through this passageway that Lynse creeps along at night, and will silently capture guests that may be sacrificed to his master - Him who must not be named). Also in room 2I (Stanley's bedroom is a wallet hidden in the bed. If found this will show Stanley Roberts to be a government agent. It also contains twenty five dollars in five dollar notes).

27. This bedroom is in a terrible state and observant characters will notice burn marks on the walls, the stench in this room is quite overwhelming and is of burnt wood. There has been a fire here but all cinders and burnt wood have been removed. The room is now bare. Holes in the floorboards can be seen and there are replaced beams and planks for the flooring. (This fire was in fact caused by the attempts of a few former 'Lords of the Earth' who became wise to Lynse's plans of incredible evil, they were already slightly insane and together they decided to burn down the entire house. Unfortunately they were caught in the process by Lynse and Dibley and shot dead, their bodies were fed to wolves that prowl the huge grounds at night and never seen again).

28. Once again this room appears to have been set alight, there are signs of cinders, and the smell of burnt wood still lingers on. (This room was also the result of the former students' plans to stop Lynse's evil reign). There is no light source in this room but investigators shining their flashlights or lanterns up at the ceiling will see a five foot hole, evidently burnt by the fire. The hole is pitch black and mist appears to loom from out of the hole, not even the beams from the flashlights can penetrate the blackness.

29. Library/study room. This room shelves hundreds of old books relating to history, biology, archeology and the arts. There are no books on occult lore. There is a single table situated in the centre of the room which is surrounded by four chairs. On the table is a dog skull (successful Zoology rolls indicate the skull to belonging to a Bloodhound). There is nothing else of use to the investigation in this room.(However clever investigators searching for secret doors will find one in the North wall).

30. Lynse's Secret Library, in here is where Lynse studies his Black Arts, there are four bookcases divided into matters related to the occult, in the east wall are shelves containing books related to Alchemy, in the west, books related to devil worship, the north wall contains items ie Swords, Daggers, robes and several books on how to summon spirits and in the south wall are documents telling of the history of Witchcraft, and The Black Arts. Also on this shelf is a copy of the infamous 'R'lyeh Text' amongst the text are underscored the folllowing lines "And together with the four orbs, I too will afford a haven for Him Who is not to be Named". The R'lyeh Text is an extremely rare book which must be consulted from the official Call of Cthulhu sourcebook.
(note to Keepers, I recommend that the Chinese version of this book be used in this game and that one of the spells contained within be 'Call Hastur').

THE ATTIC Accessable via the stairs on the first floor.

3I. Lynse's Private Study Room, This room consists of table, reading desk, chair, armchair, and cupboard. There is a diary telling of Lynse and his past life, (see Keepers info). This gives a +2% to Occult Knowledge. The diary also contains the cryptic note - 'Now I am ready, together with my disciples, I will travel to Kevin Ernlan and retrieve my fourth globe, then at last with the method described He Who must not be Named will again walk the Earth making myself and my disciples true 'Lords of the Earth'.
The book also contains in Latin details of how the globes when placed in a ring and with the appropriate chanting will raise Hastur. A san roll must be made for characters reading this diary and failure will result in Ipt of San loss.

32. Empty Room, the room appears to be cloaked in an inch thick mist which swamps the floor. (This fog has been magically cast by Lynse to deter investigators from venturing further).

33. as you enter this room, flapping noises can be heard in the darkness. Again this room is covered in thick mist and torches must be used to see through the gloom. (Once the investigators pierce the mist they must make a san roll, failure will result in 1D6 San loss and two winged monsters will start to fly towards the investigators. (Keepers note: The winged creatures are in fact Nightgaunts - consult C. of C. sourcebook for details, they are kept as pets by Lynse and guard the room from snoopy investigators).

34. This room appears to glow from a bright light source in the north east corner, after being momentarilly blinded the investigators will see that the light emanates from two white globes (they are the ones described by Lynse in his notes), they are guarded by a hideous monstrosity of frightening proportion. (Keepers note: this monster is in fact an illusionary Migo created by Lynse to protect the globes from harm, consult C. of C. sourcebook for details of the Migo and make the players lose appropriate San. If the investigators realise that this is just an illusion they will lose a maximum of 1pt San.

THE CELLAR Reached via the stairway in the secret passageway on the ground floor.

35. Arriving at the foot of the stairs the investigators will notice a large iron door, which is locked by a time device set to open on Midnight 24th December.
If the investigators finally get inside they will see two human forms accompanied by four leashed wolves (see sourcebook). The man will announce himself as David Lynse and will introduce the woman as his wife June.

DAVID LYNSE: Str. 11, Int. 16, Cha. 8 Con. 12, Pow. 16, Edu. 17, Siz. 11, Dex 12. Con Pts 11, Pow Pts. 15, San 34% He has a .45 Auto which is loaded and fired at 36% (the bullets are silver).

JUNE LYNSE: Str. 9, Int. 11, Cha 15, Con. 9, Pow. 10, Edu. 15, Siz. 8, Dex 10, Con Pts. 9, Pow. Pts. 9, San 42% She has a .45 H. Gun which fires at 25%

Lynse will praise the investigators for having reached this far, and will ask them if they would like to join him in his dark work. If the investigators refuse Lynse will say"so be it" and will order the wolves at his side to attack - they will do so. If the characters are bitten by a wolf there is a 10% chance of one of them becoming a werewolf at the next full moon night!

36. This underground cavern contains an alter on top of which lies the dead body of Tracy The body has been hideously mutilated and will serve as food for the wolves. Characters witnessing this will lose 1pt of San.

37. A body of a man lies chained to the south wall in this cavern and it is covered with wolf bites and bruises. The man is still alive and is in fact Stanley Roberts. (Lynse discovered Roberts to be an agent and also suspected Tracy so he drugged them and whilst asleep dragged their limp bodies down to the cellar where he proceeded to sacrifice the girl and torture Roberts. Roberts is chained to the wall by Silver chains and is now a werewolf under Lynse's control. He will beg the investigators to rescue him.

38. This cavern is dark and contains a stone statue of a tentacled creature, scaley and hideous it is in fact a statue of Hastur the Un-speakable! See C. of C. sourcebook for details on this monsterous being.

39. This room or cavern appears to be empty save for an old chest in the south wall. If the investigators attempt to go over to the chest, Roberts will try to dissuade them if he fails then he will turn into a werewolf and attack the party of investigators.

ROBERTS IN WEREWOLF FORM: Str. 18, Int. 10, Con. 18, Pow. 18, Con Pts. 18, Pow Pts 18, Attk by Claw x 2 - 20% each and bite - 30%. If bitten by Roberts the investigator will become a werewolf at the next full moon. Roberts may only be killed by the Silver Bullets in Lynse's gun they act at Dam + 2pts on Roberts in wolf form.

The chest may be forced open by a strength of 11 or more, strengths may be combined. Inside is a third white globe, a metal box containing two hundred dollars and silver dagger worth 1D10 x 100 dollars. This dagger can also be used to kill the werewolf it does normal damage.

THE END???

THE MEDIUM

A new character class for Call of Cthulhu

The Medium is a new character class for use with 'Call of Cthulhu' and is an addition made outside of the official rulesbooks. For this reason I suspect that the occupation of a Medium will cause some amount of controversy amongst players with a Medium Investigator, and Keeper. If you find that there is, remember that the Keeper is at liberty to declare exactly how the game will be run, so if the Keeper say's 'No Mediums' - then there should not be any. On the other hand the Keeper may decide that Mediums may only be included in the game if the new skills allotted to the Medium investigator are excluded from play. Above all remember that this occupation type is designed to improve the game and not there to help cause havok or argument between players. Use the Medium wisely allow the investigator to learn from the dead anything that might produce clues, avoid possible trouble and the game will become a delight to participate in.

THE MEDIUM AS AN OCCUPATION TYPE: The Medium will have no regular source of income except the money coming in from clients wishing to contact dead ones. Successful Mediums or Psychics as they are often referred to as being will find that they can command higher fees than those of an un-successful Medium. For this reason there has been a number of fakes rigging illusionery saences and cheating their customers with false spirits in the hope of recieving higher payment. (A Medium that produces results will inevitably get more money from clients). Some Mediums of an honest nature decide to take up other occupations at the same time and so live off a more reliable income, for instance a medium might to become an author and write of his or her supernatural experiences. This I leave up to the player to decide, use your imagination.

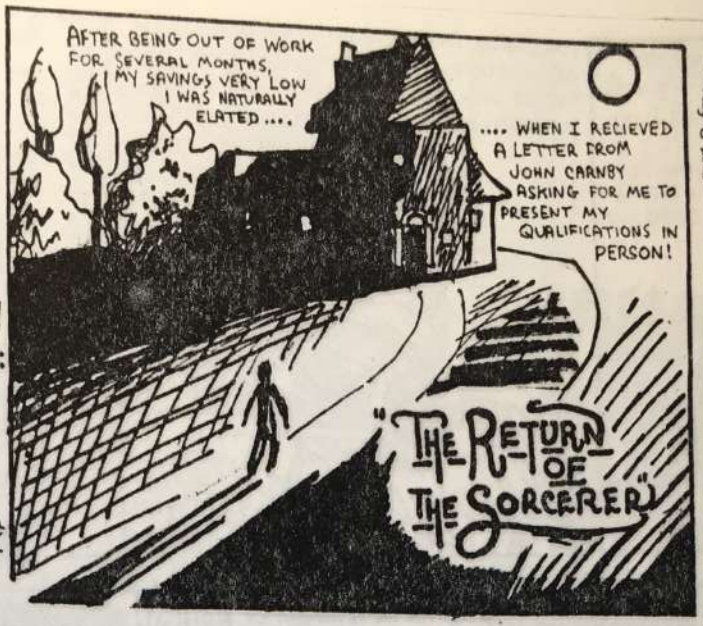
SKILLS POSSESSED BY THE MEDIUM: As with investigators listed in the official 'C of C' sourcebook not all of the following skills have to be learnt by the Medium investigator.

READ/WRITE ENGLISH, READ/WRITE OTHER LANGUAGES, LINGUIST, HISTORY, OCCULT, CONTACT THE DEAD (new skill), SPIRITUAL GUIDE (new skill), ANY OTHER TWO SKILLS AS A SPECIALITY.

NEW SKILLS: CONTACT THE DEAD; this skill enables the Medium to call upon the dead spirit of any corpse and converse with it. This skill may not be learnt in the normal way, but is learnt in a manner similar to 'Cuthulhu Mythos'. The power of contact the dead is given at birth and is at the base chance of IO%, for eash successful attempt thereafter the skill adds an extra percentage of I%. For example Mavis Jamison the Medium holds her first saence at the base chance of IO% she is successful (9%). For future attempts her chance of contacting the dead is II% and will increase again by I% if successful. NOTE the Keeper may rule that certain conditions may result in a bonus or minus of percentage chance, i.e. a person who has been dead over a hundred years will be much harder to contact than a person who has been dead a few days. So he rules a I% minus for contacting the spirit dead for over a hundred years.

SPIRITUAL GUIDE; this skill allows the Medium to contact his or her guardian in the spirit world. This Spiritual Guide may be a deceased grandfather who looks after the Medium. The Spiritual Guide may be summoned once per day and if contacted will answer questions related to the wellbeing of the Medium, telling him or her what dangers may be encountered if a certain action is to be undertaken. This guide will be the first spirit spoken to at all saences as the Spiritual Guide is always close to the Medium. Percentage chance of summoning the Spiritual Guide is learnt in the same way as other skills. Note that this guide may not answer questions that are not connected to the Medium directly, for instance the Medium may not ask the Guide where an item lies or who or what guards it, The Medium may ask if a couse of action will result in danger for the party and the Guide will answer yes - only. NOTE that Keepers shall control the Spiritual Guide as well as any other dead spirits called upon.

WELCOME MY FIENDS TO ANOTHER TALE FROM THE 'CTHULHU MYTHOS'. THIS LITTLE STORY WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN BY AN OLD PALE OF MINE, MR CLARK ASHTON SMITH AND IT'S ENTITLED:


AFTER BEING OUT OF WORK FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, MY SAVINGS VERY LOW I WAS NATURALLY ELATED....
.... WHEN I RECIEVED A LETTER FROM JOHN CARNBY ASKING FOR ME TO PRESENT MY QUALIFICATIONS IN PERSON!
"THE RETURN OF THE SORCERER"

AFTER LOCATING THE HILL TOP AVENUE, I ARRIVED TO FIND THAT JOHN CARNBY HAD ALL THE EARMARKS OF THE **LONELY** SCHOLAR WHO HAD DEVOTED PATIENT YEARS TO SOME LINE OF **ERUDITE** RESEARCH....

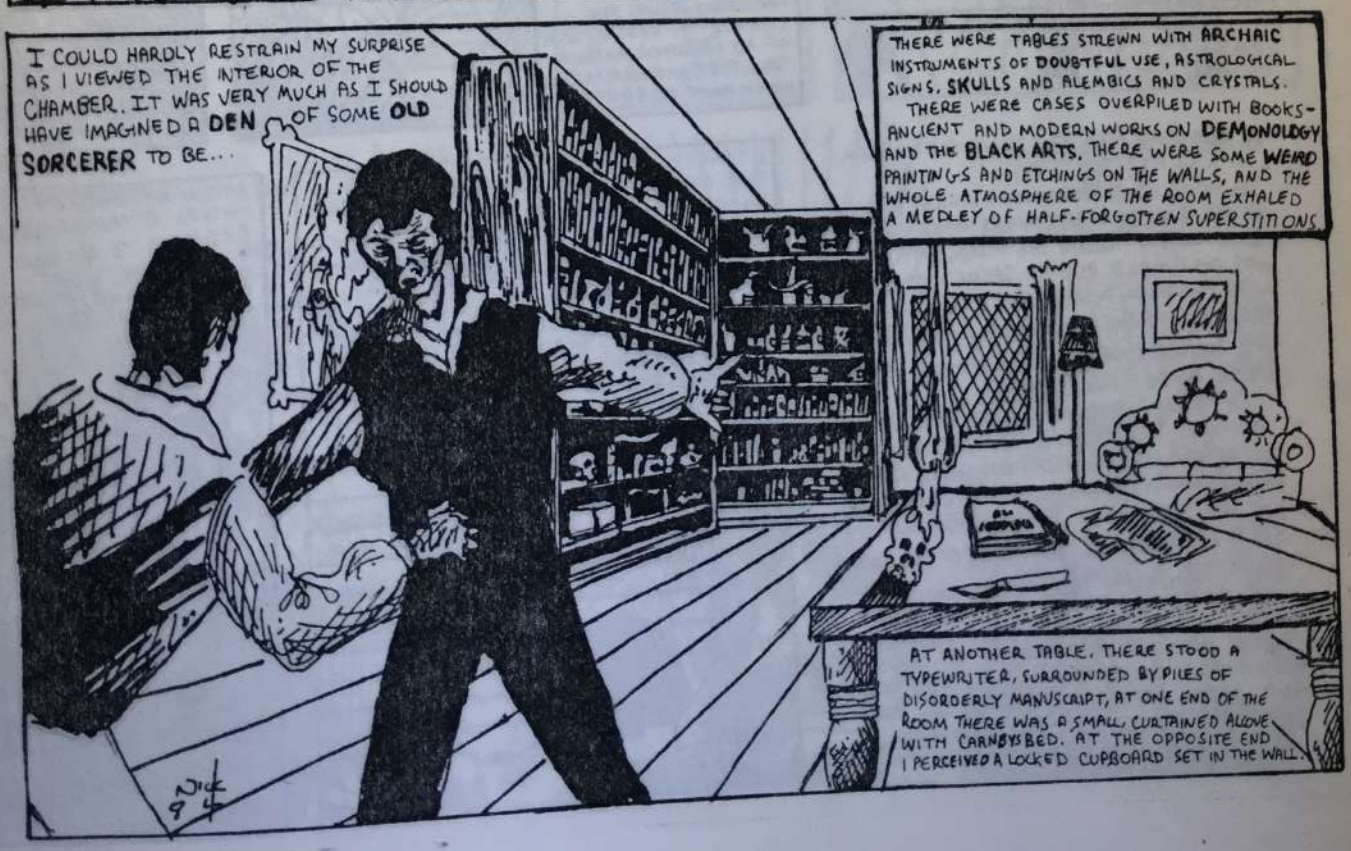
A KNOWLEDGE OF ARABIC WAS NECESSARY, AMONG OTHER THINGS AND LUCKILY I HAD ACQUIRED A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SCHOLARSHIP IN THIS **UNUSUAL** TONGUE. MY INTERVIEW WAS SUCESSFULL MAINLY DUE TO MY MASTERY OF ARABIC.
I WAS ASKED TO START WORK THE VERY SAME AFTERNOON!

I RETURNED TO CARNBY'S HOME AS REQUESTED, AND WAS SHOWN THE ROOM, IN WHICH I WAS TO **STAY**.... A ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR, WHICH, THOUGH UNAIRED AND DUSTY, WAS MORE LUXURIOUS THAN THE HALL-BEDROOM I INHABITED BEFORE

THEN HE TOOK ME TO HIS OWN STUDY, AT THE END OF THE HALL.....

I COULD HARDLY RESTRAIN MY SURPRISE AS I VIEWED THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAMBER. IT WAS VERY MUCH AS I SHOULD HAVE IMAGINED A **DEN** OF SOME **OLD SORCERER** TO BE...

THERE WERE TABLES STREWN WITH **ARCHAIC** INSTRUMENTS OF **DOUBTFUL** USE, ASTROLOGICAL SIGNS, **SKULLS** AND ALEMBICS AND CRYSTALS.
THERE WERE CASES OVERPILED WITH BOOKS- ANCIENT AND MODERN WORKS ON **DEMONOLOGY** AND THE **BLACK ARTS**. THERE WERE SOME **WEIRD** PAINTINGS AND ETCHINGS ON THE WALLS, AND THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE OF THE ROOM EXHALED A MEDLEY OF HALF-FORGOTTEN SUPERSTITIONS



AT ANOTHER TABLE, THERE STOOD A TYPEWRITER, SURROUNDED BY PILES OF DISORDERLY MANUSCRIPT, AT ONE END OF THE ROOM THERE WAS A SMALL, CURTAINED ALCOVE WITH CARNBY'S BED. AT THE OPPOSITE END I PERCEIVED A LOCKED CUPBOARD SET IN THE WALL.

CARNBY HAD NOTICED MY SURPRISE, AND WAS WATCHING ME WITH A KEEN ANALYTIC EXPRESSION, WHICH I FOUND IMPOSSIBLE TO FATHOM.

HE BEGAN TO SPEAK IN EXPLANATORY TONES....

"I HAVE MADE A LIFE-STUDY OF DEMONISM AND SORCERY, IT IS A FASUNATING FIELD, AND ONE THAT IS SINGULARLY NEGLECTED. I AM NOW TRYING TO CORRELATE THE MAGICAL PRACTICES AND DEMON WORSHIP OF EVERY KNOWN PEOPLE AND AGE."

"YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF ARABIC WILL BE INVALUBLE TO ME, FOR I AM NONE TOO WELL-GROUNDED ON THIS LANGUAGE MYSELF, AND I AM DEPENDING ON CERTAIN ESSENTIAL DATA ON A COPY OF....

.... THE NECRONOMICON IN THE ORIGINAL ARABIC TEXT. I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THERE ARE CERTAIN OMISSIONS AND ERRONEOUS RENDERINGS IN THE LATIN VERSION OF OLAUS WORMIUS"

I HAD HEARD OF THIS RARE VOLUME, BUT HAD NEVER SEEN IT!

THE BOOK WAS SUPPOSED TO CONTAIN THE SECRETS OF ULTIMATE EVIL...

... I WONDERED HOW IT HAD CAME TO BE INTO CARNBY'S POSSESSION.

Rick '84

THE BOOK WAS ENORMOUSLY OLD, AND WAS BOUND IN EBONY COVERS ARABESQUED WITH SILVER AND SET WITH DARKLY GLOWING GARNETS. ... CARNBY INDICATED A CERTAIN PASSAGE TO ME, NEAR THE MIDDLE OF THE BOOK

"TELL ME WHAT YOU MAKE OF THIS," HE SAID IN A TENSE, EXCITED WHISPER.

I BEGAN TO DESIPHER IT SLOWLY AND THEN AT CARNBY'S REQUEST READ ALOUD.....

"IT IS VERILY KNOWN BY FEW THAT THE WILL OF A DEAD SORCERER HATH POWER UPON HIS OWN BODY AND CAN RAISE IT FROM THE TOMB AND PERFORM THEREWITH WHATEVER ACTION WAS UNFULFILLED IN LIFE. AND SUCH RESURRECTIONS ARE INVARIABLY FOR THE DOING OF MALEVOLENT DEEDS..."

"AND FOR THE DETRIMENT OF OTHERS. MOST READILY CAN THE CORPSE BE ANIMATED IF ALL ITS MEMBERS HAVE REMAINED INTACT; AND YET THERE ARE CASES IN WHICH THE EXCELLING WILL OF THE WIZARD HATH REARED UP FROM DEATH THE SUNDERED PIECES OF A BODY HEWN IN MANY FRAGMENTS, AND HATH CAUSED THEM TO SERVE HIS END...

.... EITHER SEPARATELY OR IN A TEMPORARY REUNION. BUT IN EVERY INSTANCE, AFTER THE ACTION HAS TAKEN PLACE, THE BODY LAPSETH INTO ITS FORMER STATE!!

OF COURSE ALL THIS WAS ERRANT GIBBERISH. PROBABLY IT WAS THE STRANGE UN-HEALTHY LOOK OF MY EMPLOYER, RATHER THAN THE DAMNABLE PASSAGE WHICH MADE ME START VIOLENTLY.

I HEARD A STRANGE SLITHERING IN THE HALL OUTSIDE BUT WHEN I FINISHED THE PASSAGE I LOOKED UP TO SEE CARNBY, WITH A LOOK OF STARK FEAR UPON HIS FACE...

"THE HOUSE IS FULL OF RATS" HE EXPLAINED

"I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GET RID OF THEM, WITH ALL MY EFFORTS"

THE NOISE CONTINUED, FOR A WHILE, IT SEEMED TO BE THAT OF A RAT MIGHT MAKE, DRAGGING SOME OBJECT ALONG THE FLOOR. MY EMPLOYER WAS DISTURBED, AND HE SEEMED TO LISTEN WITH FEARFULL INTENTNESS, FOLLOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUND AWAY FROM THE DOOR.

"I AM VERY NERVOUS" HE SAID... "EVEN A LITTLE NOISE UPSETS ME."

THE SOUND DISSAPEARED AND CARNBY APPEARED TO RECOVER. ON REQUEST I RE-READ MY TRANSLATION WORD FOR WORD AFTER WHICH I WAS GIVEN A FURTHER PASSAGE TO TRANSLATE. THIS TURNED OUT TO BE A FORMULA FOR EXORCISM OF THE DEAD.

"THAT TOO IS NOT IN OLAUS WORMIUS" HE SAID. AFTERWARDS WE SAT FOR HOUR AFTER HOUR DISCUSSING THAT VOLUME. THERE WAS NO REPETITION OF THE SOUNDS WHICH HAD SO DISTURBED MY EMPLOYER AND SOON AFTER I RETIRED TO BED... BUT AS I GROPED FOR MY DOORKNOB I HEARD A NOISE BEHIND ME!!!

I TURNED TO SEE IN THE GLOOM A SMALL, BODY THAT SPRANG FROM THE HALLWAY TO THE TOP STAIR! DISAPPEARING FROM VIEW. I WAS HORRIBLY STARTLED; FOR EVEN IN THAT VAGUE, FLEETING GLIMPSE, THE THING WAS TOO PALE TO BE A RAT AND ITS FORM WAS NOT SUGGESTIVE OF AN ANIMAL. I STOOD TREMBLING VIOLENTLY IN EVERY LIMB, AND HEARD ON THE STAIRS A SINGULAR BUMPING SOUND LIKE THE FALL OF AN OBJECT ROLLING DOWNWARD.....

.... FROM STEP TO STEP!!

AFTER A MOMENT OF VIRTUAL PETRIFICATION I RETURNED TO MY BED I LEFT THE LIGHT BURNING AND AT LENGTH FELL ASLEEP...

THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE, MY EMPLOYER WAS PALER THAN EVER.... "I HOPE THAT THE **RATS** DIDN'T ANNOY YOU TOO MUCH. SOMETHING REALLY MUST BE DONE ABOUT THEM" HE SAID.
I REPLIED SAYING THAT "I DIDN'T NOTICE THEM AT ALL"

...BREAKFAST WAS A DISMAL AFFAIR...

.... SO TOO WAS THE DAY THAT FOLLOWED CARNBY RETIRED TO HIS ROOM UNTIL THE AFTERNOON... WHEN HE SUMMONED ME AGAIN... MY CHORES INVOLVED TYPING OF MANUSCRIPTS!

EVENING CAME, AND AFTER OUR MEAL WE RETURNED TO THE STUDY.... I HEARD CARNBY PERFORM SOME KIND OF **INCANTATION!**

SHORTLY AFTER I HEARD THAT FAMILIAR SLITHERING, FOLLOWED BY A **LOUD** KNOCKING!!!

I RAN TO THE DOOR AND **FLUNG IT OPEN**

WHEN I LOOKED DOWN AND SAW THE **THING** ON WHICH I HAD ALMOST TROPDDEN, MY FEELING WAS ONE OF **SICK AMAZEMENT**

IT WAS A **HUMAN HAND!!**

- **SEVERED** FROM THE WRIST.... OF A WEEK OLD **CORPSE**

THE **THING** DREW BACK...

BEHIND IT...
... I SAW THAT THERE WERE OTHER **THINGS** TOO!

I RECOGNISED THE THINGS AS BEING VARIOUS LIMBS. ALL WERE **MOVING SLOWLY**
I AVERTED MY EYES AND STEPPED BACK INTO CARNBY'S ROOM...
CARNBY FEEBLY **LOCKED** THE DOOR AND RETURNED TO HIS CHAIR
"IN GOD'S NAME, WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN" I CRIED

I SAT DOWN IN A CHAIR AND HE BEGAN TO STAMMER FORTH HIS **UNBELIEVABLE** CONFESSION.

"HE IS STRONGER THAN I AM - EVEN IN **DEATH**, EVEN WITH HIS BODY **DISMEMBERED** BY THE SURGEON'S KNIFE... AND SAW THAT **I** USED!

I THOUGHT HE COULD **NOT** RETURN AFTER THAT...

I BURIED THE PORTIONS IN A DOZEN DIFFERANT PLACES!"

"IN THE CELLAR, BENEATH THE SHRUBS AT THE FOOT OF THE IVY-VINES"

"...BUT THE NECRONOMICON IS RIGHT.... AND HELMAN CARNBY KNEW"

"HE WARNED ME BEFORE I KILLED HIM, HE TOLD ME HE COULD RETURN".

"EVEN IN THAT CONDITION!"

"I HATED HELMAN, AND HE HATED ME, TOO. HE HAD ATTAINED A HIGHER POWER THAN I... THAT WAS WHY I KILLED HIM - MY OWN TWIN BROTHER.

SINCE THEN A PIECE OF HIM HAS RETURNED EACH NIGHT

I HAVE TRIED TO KEEP HIM AWAY BUT NO USE

I ROSE TO MY FEET AND TURNED THE KEY THAT CARNBY HAD LEFT IN THE LOCK.

"DONT GO" HE BEGGED I TOOK NO NOTICE AND LEFT THE ROOM!

I BEGAN TO PACK MY VALISE, WITH A FEELING OF FRANTIC URGENCY AND COMPULSION

IT SEEMED TO ME THAT I COULD NOT ESCAPE SOON ENOUGH

I HEARD FOOTSTEPS COMING UP THE STAIRS

THE STEPS WERE REGULAR AND I KNEW THEY WERE NOT CARNBYS FOR HE HAD FLED TO HIS ROOM AS SOON AS I HAD LEFT AND LOCKED THE DOOR...

THEN I HEARD A LOUD CRASH.

KRASH

IT WAS NOT MY OWN VOLITION BUT A STRONGER WILL THAN MINE THAT DREW ME TO CARNBY'S STUDY. THE DOOR HAD BEEN BROKEN IN. PEERING INTO THE ROOM I SAW THE OUTLINE OF A MISSHAPEN SHADOW FORM... HEADLESS WITH ARMS AND TORSO OF A NAKED MAN - WHO STOOPED FORWARD WITH A SURGEONS SAW!

FROM THE DIRECTION OF A CUPBOARD THERE CAME A LOUD THUD, AND A SMASHING SOUND AS THE UNKNOWN OBJECT FELL TO THE FLOOR THEN THE SHADOW, SEEMING TO HAVE COMPLETED ITS TASK WITH KNIFE RAISED, BEGAN TO DISINTIGRATE. I HEARD THUDDING ON THE FLOOR.... I ENTERED THE ROOM, SHAKING....

A REDDENED KNIFE PROTRUDED FROM THE PILE; AND TO THE SIDE REPOSED A HUMAN HEAD AMONGST THE 'DOUBLE' HEAP WITH A SHOCKING RESEMBLANCE TO JOHN CARNBY

I COULD GAZE FOR ONLY A FEW MOMENTS ON THAT HORRIBLE SCENE... THEN I FELT AS THOUGH SOMETHING HAD WITHDRAWN.....

... FROM THE ROOM; THE MALIGN SPELL HAD BEEN BROKEN THE OVERPOWERING VOLITION WAS GONE. IT HAD RELEASED ME NOW, AS IT HAD RELEASED THE DISMEMBERED CORPSE OF HELMAN CARNBY. I WAS FREE TO GO...

I FLED FROM THE UNLIT HOUSE AND RAN HEAD-LONG INTO THE NIGHT!

AAAAGGGHH!

HE HE HE!!! I BET SOME OF YOU GHOULS ARE STILL OUT THERE, WONDERING WHATEVER HAPPENED TO POOR OLD JOHN CARNBY... YEAH!

"WELL LETS JUST SAY HE WENT TO PIECES"

HE. HE. HE .....

THE 'BOOK OF EIBON'

The following page has been devoted entirely to a work in the Cthulhu Mythos, that although is included in the game, has as yet recieved no description or detailed referance in any of the official rulesbooks. All the rulesbooks have mainly focused on that infamous volume written by tha mad arab, Abdul Alhazred, - 'The Necronomicon'. This work was invented by H. P. Lovecraft and was included in the majority of Cthulhu Mythos tales written by him. The 'Book of Eibon' was invented by Clark Ashton Smith, a close friend of Lovecraft's and became a further addition to the long list of eldritch lore found in the legends of Cthulhu. Smith had full permission from Lovecraft to include the 'Book of Eibon' in the Cthulhu Mythos and Lovecraft included it himself in several of his stories. Here then is a list of printings of the 'Book of Eibon', along with several notes and details.

First compiled in manuscript form, Language was in in the lost language of ancient Hyperborea, this prehistoric original is of course now non-existant and only by means of time travel can it be read (if traced). - For this reason I believe that this particular version of the book was not included in the 'Call of Cthulhu' rulesbook. So let's not have any Keepers happily planting it in one of their campaigns unless of course there is a sound reason for its being there.

There was then published 'Liber Ivonis' the first version of the book to be printed in the form by Eibon the sorcerer, this book was in Latin and it is rumoured that several copies of this work still exist. This collection contained much of the original and is the most potent of all versions of this work available today.

The next recorded printing of the book was in the Medieval ages and appeared in the French language it's title was 'Livre d'Ivon' translated from the first printing by Gaspard du Nord. This rare volume may still be found and of particular interest may be the fact that a certain Paul Tregardis dissapeared in London after aquiring a copy of this book and was heard shortly before his strange dissapearance babbling of time travel, a strange crystal obtained at the premises of a curio-dealer, and a being at the very beginning of time named Ubbo-Sathla. This version of 'The Book of Eibon' was printed on parchment, bound in leather, (some copies have been known to exist having been bound in human skin and inked in human blood).

'The Book of Eibon' in the English language is the most common of all versions and due to it's undergoing of many translations has lost some though not all of it's mystical powers and due to San loss is the version that I recommend your investigators to read.

DESCRIPTION: The following description is taken from the French translated version; Today if found would consist of yellowed parchment, a vermiculated leather cover bound shut by clasps of tarnished steel. The book contains chapters detailing monsters, a collection of bale myths, of liturgies both evil and esoteric telling of strange rituals and hideous incantations. Known chapters are 'The Coming of the White Worm' telling

P.T.O.

THE STATEMENT

A terrifying short story by Carl T. Ford

The following tale I am about to recite may seem the writings of a madman, but that is how my experience was. Remember that the following account took place whilst I was in a deranged state and it is for this reason that I apologise if my recital is in any way contradictory or stretched to the limits of un-dreamed of horror. I shall tell the story from the very beginning, that way you will understand the full potential of the unsurmountable terror with which I was faced with. I hope that you will believe me for if there is doubt in your minds then I might never have the fortune to peer again at the outside world, here then is my version of the story.

It all began, long back when I was still at school. The year 1949. I attended the De Witt Clinton High School in the Bronx, New York City. It was whilst I attended this establishment that my spare time allowed me to pursue my favourite interest, reading. However my idea of a good book was certainly not the writings forced upon me by my English teachers, no, my titles held authors by the names of Algernon Blackwood, M. R. James, Clark Ashton Smith and H. P. Lovecraft. My reading consisted of tales conserning ghouls, ghosts, vampires, demons and those terrifying monstrosities dedicated to dominate the race of earth, those hideous, malignant beings concocted by writers for that corruption of legends, the Cthulhu Mythos.

My fellow students thought me weird and I had to put up with a barracking crowd, during my entire stay at the school. Ignoring the crowd of pupils was somewhat difficult at times, but my strong spirit pulled me through. I graduated from Clinton High with high honours and this left me with appropriate grades for the pursuance of a librarian vacancy at the Library of New York City.

Work was plentiful and in between chores I found myself reading the many macarbre writings of my childhood heroes. Hours at the library were long and arduous but the very thought of having those volumes of terror at my disposal kept the day moving along with surprising speed.

It was on one such day, that a tea chest filled with a number of books arrived, donated to the library courtesy of a strange, shaking man who refused to divulge his good name. I thought the man worried for sweat glistened from his brow, and his nervous handshake implied that he was in some kind of trouble. The library accepted the chest of books, nevertheless and thanked him for his generosity. I was given the task of sorting the gifts and it was here that my sanity began to sink. Amongst the yellowed manuscripts, novels and newspapers was a volume that I at first glanced upon with utter dis-belief. For in my hands I held the fabricated study that should not exist. The writings of an author whom himself was invented by a novelist from our time. The book was entitled 'The Book of Eibon' this volume formed part of the horrendous core of the Cthulhu Mythos, the same mythical creation stemmed from the fertile imaginations of those writers I adored, Lovecraft, Smith, Dereleth and Heald.

I had read stories concerning this collection of prophecies, in tales written over twenty years ago, 'Ubbo-Sathla', 'The Coming of the White Worm' and 'The Return of the Sorcerer' amongst others. But never had I thought that this 'Book of Eibon' really existed, yet there it was in my cluthches. At once I felt queer, perhaps it was the shock of finding something so rare or perhaps the overwhelming stench emanating from the browning leaves of the book for certain I cannot say. The feeling of great sickness swept through my body, I decided that my best course would be to rest. I reached for the weird volume and concealed it in the inner pocket of my large black coat. I made appropriate apologies to my charge and left the building mentioning nothing about my discovery.

My home was but fifteen minutes walk from the library, my journey took me six. Once inside my rented apartment I closed all doors and headed for the reading desk, now the pungencic feeling of illness had subsided and the overiding inquisitiveness of my mind conserning that volume shut out all memories of my sudden queerness.

I switched on the light with feverish efficiency, brushing an article pertaining to the mysterious dissapearance of a city businessman printed on the cover of 'The New York Times', aside from the desk top.

I began to open the strong steel bound clasps that held shut the pages of the book and again I smelt that cadaverous odour that my senses encountered earlier in the library. It was then that I realised from whence the foul stench was emanating and as the shock of my realisation drove home, I felt my entire frame numb with unadulterated loathing. For the nauseating odour was being discharged from the very book itself. My God, this translated version of 'Liber Ivonis' was bound in human flesh. Slamming the evil thing shut, I felt my stomach turn over, I felt sick but for some strange reason that sudden feeling subsided. I returned to the text and from those leaves I read until I fell into a deep sleep.

I dreamt of appendaged monstrosities, guarding time gateways, of eldritch horrors of colossal proportion. I dreamt of tentacled sea demons rising from underwater cities reaching for my very soul. I screamed aloud and as these insanities continued I saw a cloaked figure appear from the fires of flame. The garbed thing lifted it's head and beckoned to me, in terror I followed. The festering creatures appeared to draw back as I followed the cloaked form. Sweat ran profusedly along my temples and my body burned as the pillars of flame scorched my body. Still the thing beckoned, still I followed down deep black corridors, along rat infested catacombs and twisting valleys of infernal evil. Deeper, deeper, deeper into the earths core we traveled until we came upon a doorway. The huge iron gateway opened as the figure waved it's arms. The clawed hands of the cloaked thing reached up and unveiled it's head, for the first time the strange man spoke.

"I am Eibon, the sorcerer whose writings you read, I am he who hath met Cthulhu himself I am the one who mortals fear, for it is I who holds the key, the key borrowed from Yog-Sothoth himself, Yog-Sothoth, the All in One and One in All. The key for which no time barrier will refuse. You have been chosen, others have failed and even more will after now. Come follow, my master awaits his work to be done".

The sorcerer passed through the doorway and I again followed his footsteps. Once past the door, I was astounded to find myself back in New York City. I was standing in the middle of 52nd Street. People were walking past and traffic spilled along the roadways. Up ahead I saw my guide, as strange as it may seem no other person save myself appeared to notice him, people hurried past in regular fashion oblivious to that black garbed writer of my book. He stopped at the foot of some steps that lead to an apartment storey building. I new not why or for, but heard whisperings in my head to go up the stone stairway. Eibon smiled and I felt my body give, I knew not why, but for some reason I wished to do as the figure wanted. It would have been easy for me to run away, along the busy street and make my escape, but no I wished to obey. I mounted the steps and opened the arched doorway at the top of the flight. My instincts made me follow the carpeted stairway inside the building up. Up, up, up I walked until I felt myself stop at door number 32.

Glancing around I saw my master, standing to my left. In his hand, was held an intricately carved dagger of evil design. Across it's handle leering creatures of amphibious appearance reached along the carved wood. The blade shone brightly in the daylight and Eibon offered it to me saying "You know what must be done".

Taking the dagger in my left hand, I twisted the handle to room 32, it opened with surprising ease. I entered quitely and there at a desk top, typing a letter sat a balding man of small stature. I exchanged the weapon with my other hand and crept up to my intended victim. I knew what must be done.

My task was easy, and I carried it out with amazing luck. My victim never made a sound his cut throat gurgling the life blood that was no longer needed. With a remarkable amount of cool I cleared all signs of my assasination. The blood I mopped away with a cloth I found in the bathroom and flushed this down the lavatory system. I locked the door and awaited to nightfall. Once all movement in the streets had stopped I lifted the carcass from it's deathspot. For some strange reason I felt impelled to take the typed manuscript upon which this man had been working, I did this and put it away in my inside pocket. I found a large sack in the corner of the apartment, from where it had come I do not know, perhaps the wizard had left it there. I lifted the dead body and put it inside the sack, again clearing up the blood and disposing of it in the same way as earlier. I glanced at the time piece upon the desk it read 11.43 p.m. the clock had a date too, and I wondered if the time was correct seeing as the day read that of two days before. Fortunately the time was right, and as I carried the

corpse along the dimly lit streets I encountered no form of human life.

I reached my apartment twenty minutes later and was quite amazed at my own strengt
Once inside the apartment I felt weary I hid the body away in the bathroom, skinning
the carcass and grinding the meat and bone. Tomorrow I would feed the meat to the
neighbourhood dogs. The skin I would dispose of elsewhere so that there would be no
proof of there ever being a corpse. I was tired and again fell into a deep sleep.

Imagine the relief I had when I awakened from my nightmare, I had several others durin
that same night but they were slightly vague and I remember them none too clearly. What
I do know is that my sleep lasted over twenty four hours for when I awoke a day had
elapsed since I had fallen asleep. I looked down at the evil inspiration of my putrid
nightmares, that accursed book. Today I would rid myself of it for good. I washed and
shaved and changed my clothing, I did not go to work. Instead I took a walk down to
Lime Avenue where there lay the local tip, taking the book I threw the evil thing into
the rubbish amid glaring stares from on-looking strangers and returned home.

The rest of my tale you know, I was arrested fifteen minutes later and charged with
the murder of a middle aged businessman, who apparently was in the process of producing
evidence conserning occult practises within the confines of the New York City Cemetary.
I know not of the man, so why should I wish to kill him, and where is his body.

That is why I have told you of my dream, I hope that you will realise that I could
not have murdered him, it was Eibon, Eibon the Sorcerer, hear me, unless my god yes,
dear god it can't be. That clock in my dreams the one which I thought was wrong. The
date was correct Eibon had taken me back in time, through with the key given him by
The All in One and One in All. Eibon made me kill him, Eibon damn it. There was no
body because I disposed of it. The bones and meat were fed to dogs and the skin, the
skin, the skin - that volume you have in front of you, that foul thing you wish to
produce as evidence - Look at its cover my man, the cover, THE COVER.

The End.

The lunatics working on this issue were: Carl Ford - Editor, Articles on 'The Medium', 'The Book of Eibon', 'Ubbo-Sathla', short story - 'The Statement' and revision on the scenario, typing and spelling erroors.

Mark Buckley - 'Brimstone at the Club of the Black Arts' scenario.

Nick Basi - Artist, Cover and Comic Strip Adaption 'Return of the Sorcerer'.

Geff Dosanjh - Artist, Editorial Page.

THANKS FOR THIS ISSUE GO TO: All the staff on 'Dagon' fanzine, The Photocopier, the staff at the Hammersmith Shop of GAMES WORKSHOP (for liking 'Dagon), the staff at Virgin Games for their kind help distributing notices, any magazines or fanzines that review 'Dagon', and any creatures out there who buy this fanzine.

'Call of Cthulhu' is a role playing game published by CHAOSIUM INC., Box 6302, Albany CA 94706. (USA).
and also produced under licence in the U.K. by GAMES WORKSHOP LTD.

'DAGON' Fanzine is produced for no profit what-so-ever and is run by fans for the fans back issues are available for 85p (includes postage and packing) from the address below.

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